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NO. 15.

AN APPEAL.

To the American People—The Congress and the President Asked to Intercede Mob Rule Against the Constitution

Every effort has been made, by State and National Organizations, to inaugurate plans and methods, to cure the evils that have taken a hold of the minds of the American people, and even permitted every Southern legislative body in violation of the American Constitution and the laws governing law and order, pass unconstitutional laws. What methods, there fore must the negro appeal to protect himself? Shall he appeal to the shot gun? No. Shall he use force? No. THE BEE would suggest that a representative conference be held in the District of Columbia on or about the middle or latter part of November, and through that conference let the American people make an appeal to the President and the President to the Congress of the United States. There should be something done at once to ameliorate the condition of the negro in this country. It is hoped that the entire press of the country will take a hold of this matter and do all in its power to put this movement on foot. Let this conference be void of politics entirely. There should not be the least reference to politics but, simply methods to be adopted, where by the President and the Congress of the United States adopted such method to protect all classes of American citizens. It is hoped that the churches throughout the country will take an interest in this subject and do all in their power to make this gathering a success. There is every reason to believe that the better element of the American people is opposed to the methods adopted by the mob in justifying such acts that are perpetrated by said mob in satisfying the ends of justice. THE BEE maintains that mob law is in violation of the Constitution of the United States and it never was intended by the framers of the Constitution of the United States, that the violators of the law should go unpunished. The American negro doesn't live in any class or individual committing a crime and allowed to go free. The negro, is an American citizen, and while there are some, who don't believe in law or order, there are others who are just as patriotic, honest and sincere in their intentions as the white man. The colored people of the United States are not responsible for what a few of their number may be charged with. Those who have the laws to make and the power to execute them should be able to discriminate between those who are good and those who are bad. Therefore, the American people are appealed to take such action in this call that they deem best and wise. It is proposed to have this conference of representative citizens from throughout the country to assemble, in National Conference on or about the latter part of November 1901 and adopt such an address to the American people through the President of the United States and the Congress of the United States. Those who favor such a move ment will indicate it, by addressing the Editor of THE BEE, Washington, D. C. The press, throughout the country, irrespective of politics will please give this call favorable consideration.

CHEATHAM INDORSED.

The People at Littleton Applaud Him. The Bee Complimented. Is Cheatham Right? Special to the Bee.

Littleton, N. C. Aug. 26, 1901. Hon. H. P. Cheatham is here. There are a thousand of people in this place who don't believe in using the Winchester or to adopt the advice of Col. Pledger of Georgia or T. Thomas Fortune of the New York Age. A copy of the Bee was read here on Monday to the people relative to the advice given by Messrs. Fortune and Pledger. The unanimous opinion was that Recorder Cheatham was right in his advice to the people. The Bee's Editorial was indorsed and a letter was requested to be sent to the Editor thanking him for his timely suggestion. The course of Recorder Cheatham was commended.

MR. FORTUNE'S "BAD NIGGER."

From the Indianapolis World.

The Indianapolis Sentinel takes Mr. T. Thomas Fortune to task for his recent announcement that, what the race needs is not "good niggers," but "bad niggers" with Winchester. Its exhortation of Mr. Fortune the Sentinel has rather the best of the argument, but we would like to remind it that the whole race is not to be judged by Mr. Fortune's indiscretion and "some hysterical Negro women," by more than the white race is to be judged by hot headed individuals like Tillman or "brilliant bit Waite"—erst-while governor of Colorado. We agree with the Sentinel that all such breaks as this of Mr. Fortune are nothing short of criminal, and that the greatest misfortune that could befall the Negro to day would be to be placed in the light of accepting such leadership. But fortunately the Southern Negroes have leaders among themselves—men of the Booker T. Washington type—whose advice is heeded, and whose influence is felt more than the advice and influence of Mr. T. Thomas Fortune, of New York. For instance, we might quote Mr. H. P. Cheatham, of North Carolina, present Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia, on this very case. Speaking of Mr. Fortune and Mr. Pledger, of the Atlanta Age, giving utterance to these incendiary

views, Mr. Cheatham said in part: I want to say most emphatically that I want to have no part in this new doctrine of the "bad nigger and the Winchester." That Combination has caused too much trouble already. All lawlessness is to be condemned by the blacks as well as by the whites. But while that is true it affords no excuse for inciting to crime to check one form of lawlessness. Lynching is no reason for the general arming of the Negro. It would lead to the most serious trouble and would be the very worst thing for the Negro himself. We reproduce this much of Mr. Cheatham's interview to show the Sentinel that Mr. Fortune is not so much of a wonder as it makes out.

WHAT I SAW AND HEARD.

Dr. John B. Francis is not a candidate for the position of Surgeon in Chief of the Freedmen's Hospital, but it is a fact however, that if Dr. Curtis is not reinstated the friends of Dr. Francis and the people in this City would be pleased to see him appointed Surgeon in Chief of the Hospital. There is no man in this Country that has made the record that Dr. Francis has. He has now erected a monument to the colored race by the establishment of the only Negro Sanitarium in the United States.

Capt. Hamlin is a fine looking man. His military bearing and his knowledge of military tactics make him a fine specimen of humanity.

It is commendable on the part of Assistant Register Adams and Daniel Murray in suggesting a token to be sent to England to the proprietors of the hotel who refused to draw the color line. It is the duty of every American to send a small donation if it is but one penny.

There is every reason for colored members of the bar to organize. There are some fine men connected with the District bar who reflect credit on any race of people. Attorney King, Hughes, Bundy Payton, Pollard, Jones, Martin and others are among the most brilliant members of the District bar.

Commissioner Macfarland will be in Buffalo on District day and do honor to this City. There will be hundreds going from this City to day to give Commissioner Macfarland a royal welcome.

Dr. Phil. B. Brooks the South Washington Surgeon and Physician has in preparation a book on medical science. Dr. Brooks is a young man of ability.

Dr. C. B. Purvis having heard of the resignation of Dr. A. M. Curtis, on his way to America, I don't think Dr. Purvis has any show to be reappointed. The people are in favor of Dr. Francis if there is to be a change. The Negroes in the West demand the reinstatement of Dr. Curtis.

If a colored man at the head of any institution happens to do what a white man does, no matter how small it is, he is to be charged with dilution of purity. The office charged against Dr. Curtis is too small for consideration. The only mistake Dr. Curtis made was when he tendered his resignation. He should have made the Secretary of the Interior dismiss him. Because he has committed no offence.

There is to be a change in the Police Court Judges. Judge O'Donnell will no doubt succeed one of the Judges of the Police Court. Judge O'Donnell is, no doubt, the best man, that has ever been upon the bench of the Police Court. He has good common sense and takes no foolishness. He knows how to deal with young criminals in Chesterfieldian style.

Judge Barnard has been holding Equity Court for several weeks. Judge Barnard never loses an opportunity to do good.

ROUNDER.

Mr. F. J. J. Smoot, a candidate for the Legislature of the Republican party, opened night school for the illiterate colored voters of the 5th district of Charles County, Md. The colored men seem to be very much interested and the first night there was quite a number present. Mr. Smoot is an energetic white man, a good friend to his colored brethren, and tries to do all he can to help them.

DISCUSSING THE CURFEW LAW.

There was an appreciative audience present at the Metropolitan A. M. E. Zion church on last Tuesday evening. The subject of discussion was the Curfew Law. Mrs. Jennie Robins opened the discussion. She maintained that class legislation was unconstitutional. That, if a Curfew Law was to be passed it should not only apply to black but to white children as well. Prof. Baltimore maintained that there were church members who kept bawdy houses and that they were responsible for the condition of children. The pastor and others agreed with Mrs. Robins that no Curfew Law was necessary; that the parents of children should teach them right from wrong.

NEGRO INCREASE IN THE SOUTH.

From the Literary Digest.

While the Louisiana papers are rejoicing over the fact that the whites now outnumber the blacks in that State (something that has happened but once before in a hundred years), the neighboring State of Alabama, Arkansas, and Mississippi find from the census returns that their negroes are increasing much more rapidly than the white people. In Mississippi the blacks are in the majority, as the following figures show:

	Whites	Colored.
1900.....	643,000	908,370
1890.....	544,351	744,749
Increase net.....	98,649	163,621
Increase per cent.....	17.9	21.9

Mississippi "has grown whiter in its southern counties, thanks to the lumber industry," says the New Orleans Times Democrat, "but this increase has more than been offset by the heavy negro immigration into the Yazoo Delta from Alabama, Georgia, and the Carolinas." The same paper continues:

"A more thorough investigation will probably show the cause of the unexpected increase of negroes in some parts of the South. There is comparatively little negro emigration—that is, from the South. Carolina negroes move to Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee, but few cross Mason and Dixon's line. In Mississippi, for instance, the negro emigration for the past ten years has been infinitesimal. A few thousand moved to New Orleans to work on the public improvements, paving, canal digging, etc.; but it is probable that most of these have gone home again. On the other hand, from 50,000 to 60,000 moved into the black belt from the Atlantic States. When we further consider the thousands of white Mississippians who have moved to Texas, Louisiana, and even into the Territories to try their fortunes, it is possible to understand the result brought out by the census

studies which their daughters have to grapple with at school, load them down with a few special studies in the finer arts. I have in mind now several young girls between the precarious ages of twelve and seventeen, who, after they return from school, have an extra dose of painting, music or languages. 'But my daughter must know something of these things,' is the protest of the fond mother. 'She must be able to hold her own with other girls of her set.' Of course, the girl at this tender age, with such a mental load, soon goes to pieces. She becomes anemic, listless and nervous, and then the mother wonders why! To build her up everything under the sun is tried except a lessening of mental work and the unnatural strain upon the nervous system. The girl develops into what? A bundle of nerves encased in the most fragile frame, her physical vitality sapped almost to the last drop. And in this condition she enters the marriage state! And yet we wonder why there are so few women absolutely free from organic troubles. Is it so inexplicable?"

UNANIMOUS VERDICT.

From the National Baptist Union.

Senator Tillman has returned from



HON. MARK A. HANNA,
A Safe Man to Succeed President McKinley.

of Mississippi, that the State is getting blacker instead of whiter, like Louisiana.

"At the same time, it is well to notice the fact that freedom is not checking the growth of the negro population, as so many imagined it would. The death-rate of the negroes in the cities where they dwell every rule of sanitation is enormous, but it is well to remember that a high death-rate does not necessarily mean that a race is falling off. Russia has the highest death-rate of any country in Europe, yet is increasing the most rapidly, for the birth-rate of the natives is high, as is the case with nearly all people who have not accumulated much wealth. There are twice as many negroes in this country as when Lincoln set them free, that is, the race problem is twice as difficult to-day as it was then.

CIVIL RIGHTS IN LONDON.

Testimonial for West End Hotel Manager Richardson who Refused to Draw Color Line in England.

A movement has been started by Messrs. Cyrus Field Adams, Daniel Murray and others to secure subscriptions to a testimonial to the London hotel manager who refused to make any discrimination in his entertainment of delegates to the Methodist Ecumenical Council. Their object as stated is to show to the world that there are others in America, and not all blasphemous infidels and barbarians as might be inferred by the action of some at home and abroad. They characterize the action of the Americans who wanted the Colored men excluded as an impudent, in effect assuming superior wisdom to God in making man. They resent and object to his work in making the black man. No Christian gentlemen would countenance or sign any such unchristian petition, as was presented by some Americans to the Hotel Manager who he promptly rejected.

THE BEE will act as agent in this matter and will give acknowledgement for all subscriptions received. We should generously show our appreciation in every way whenever an opportunity occurs. The following has been received: Cyrus Fields Adams, \$10.00, Daniel Murray, \$2.00.

WHY SO MANY WOMEN ARE INVALIDS.

Ambitious Parents Overload Their Daughters With Accomplishments.

The insane desire of fond parents that their children shall "shine" in their studies and accomplishments in one topic vigorously dealt with by Edward Bok in his editorial in The Ladies' Home Journal for September. Regarding the girls' side of this widespread evil he says: "There are parents who, not content with the

State of Wisconsin, where he is, bore so faithfully to justify lynching, ballot-box stuffing and election stealing, and found himself in the meshes of the law for slander. The unusual freedom and unlimited applause that have been given him in his wicked assaults on the Negroes, lured him on to the slander of a white man, who has called him to judgement. If the court should pull the Senator for about ten thousand on this libel count, it would serve the country save the South Carolina Senator from the sure and certain disgrace that must necessarily follow his publication of lawlessness, murder and political fraud.

WASHINGTON TEACHERS SOUTH.

Misses Chase and Merritt in Abbeville, South Carolina.

From the Abbeville, S. C. Ethiopian. The teachers attending the Summer School at Abbeville are peculiarly blessed in having Miss E. F. Merritt as a member of the faculty. Miss Merritt is a supervising Principal of the Washington Public Schools and ranks among the highest literary minds of the District. Algebra and language are the subjects which Miss Merritt is presenting to the teachers of Abbeville, and we are frank to confess that we have never seen those subjects handled with such extraordinary ability and alertness. Miss Merritt is well named for she has risen to her position of honor and trust purely on her merit. We are also blessed in having with Miss Lula S. Chase, who is also a teacher in the Public Schools of Washington, and sister of Mrs. E. V. C. Williams, the editor of the Ethiopian. We are truly glad to have the distinguished lady visitors in our midst, if only for a short time. In coming South to spend their vacation and to engage in the great work of helping to educate and encourage the race, they have set a worthy example which we hope will be followed by many in the future. They would lead a people must be among that people, sharing their joy and their sorrows with them and giving them that stimulus which only the presence of a leader and commander can give.

Sharing the Glory. "Henrietta isn't one of those women who want to put a husband in the background and make him stay there." "No, indeed!" "Is she trying to make you prominent?" "Yes. She is going to deliver a lecture to her club on how to manage husbands, and she wants me to come up on the platform and be an example."—Washington Star.

Sophomore. Little Katherine sat at the breakfast table this morning, pondering the problems of school life. She aroused from her reverie to say: "Well, next year Malcolm will be a lawmower, won't he? I wonder why they will call him that." "My dear," answered the mamma, "whoever told you that Malcolms will be a lawmower?" "You told me yourself," answered the child. "This year he was a freshman, next year he'll be a lawmower, then a janitor and then a senior. And then he'll graduate."

"Oh, you mean sophomore," the mother explained. "I said that Malcolms would be a sophomore, not a lawmower."

"I don't know that that makes any difference," was Katherine's comment. "One sounds just as well as the other, to be sure, but I know what a lawmower is and I never heard that other word before."—Columbus Dispatch.

How French Girls Are Educated.

The children of the lower classes in the country, as well as in town, all go to public schools. Little girls of the better class have an English or German nursemaid or a resident governess. When they are sent to a boarding school they go to some convent, but in Paris courses which leave the young girl most of the time at home are preferred. The courses are weekly, semi-weekly or even daily classes. The government schools have hitherto been attended mostly by the free thinking element. Private schools are fast being transformed into day schools. Then there are private teachers for those arts called "accomplishments," which occupy a prominent place—Th. Bentzon (Madame Blanc), in Ladies' Home Journal.

Singing Soldiers.

A London paper notes that during the recent Austrian maneuvers the general in command tried the original experiment of using the singing of songs as a means of ascertaining the whereabouts of the different companies of the corps d'armee. He commanded each battalion of a division to learn a certain song of war and sing it when attacked. In this way he was enabled to discover, when some distance off, which battalion was being attacked by the enemy. The songs consisted of old folk-songs familiar to the men. To each battalion was attached a few musicians and drummers, who assisted the singing soldiers.—Youth's Companion.

Animal Military.

Observers of nature are frequently struck with the singular resemblances of insects to leaves, dried sticks, and so forth, and these likenesses are supposed to have grown out of the necessity of protection against, or concealment from, enemies. An interesting example of this kind of resemblance was recently brought to the attention of the Entomological society in London by Dr. Chapman, who exhibited a spider found inhabiting some rocks near Cannes, on which were also fastened the cases of a species of moth. When at rest the spider exhibited almost precisely the same form and color as the moth cases surrounding it.—Nature.

He Knew How to Handle 'Em.

"Don't pick me up," growled the bad man from Siwash; "I'm a live wire!" "Thanks for the warning," said the gentlemanly bartender, "but it's all safe enough when you have the nippers properly insulated." Whereupon he seized the live wire by his left ear with the ice tongs and hustled him hastily through the outer exit.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Papa—Where's my umbrella? I'm sure I put it in the hall stand with the others last evening. Willie—I guess Mabel's beau took it when he went home last night. Mabel—Why, Willie! The idea! Willie—Well, when he was sayin' good night to you I heard him say: "I'm going to steal just one."—Philadelphia Press.

Simply Another Name for It.

Miss Weary (listening to the steamboat whistle)—I wish that dreadful noise would stop. It makes me feel nervous.

Mr. Borem—Is that so? Do you know, I don't think I have such a thing as a nerve about me? "Indeed! What do you call it, then, gall?"—Harlem Life.

A Flavored Stick.

Pearl—Freddy is so original. Ruby—In what way? "Why, he had the head of his cane flavored with wintergreen and blood orange. Now he has such a pleasant taste after holding it in his mouth awhile."—Chicago Daily News.

Poker in the West.

"So he died with his boots on?" interrogated the man on the coach. "Yes, stranger," responded Amber Pete. "He had a little habit of slipping axes in them an' the boys didn't give him a chance to take them off."—Chicago Daily News.

JUDGE O'DONNELL.

HE WILL SUCCEED JUDGE KIMBALL.

The New Code Requires New Judges. The Attorney General will decide.

In all probability Judge John H. O'Donnell will succeed Judge Kimball on the bench of the Police Court. Judge Scott may be his own successor. Members of the bar would welcome a change.

The members of the District bar are considerably interested in the status of the Police Court under the new code of laws of the District which was enacted at the last session of Congress and which goes into effect January 1. A possible reorganization of the Police Court is a subject of speculation and the Attorney General will probably be requested to examine the law and determine whether or not the act of the last Congress establishes a new court and necessitates the appointment of new justices, or whether it simply continues the old system with the old officers.

The question involved is full of technicalities and some local attorneys are of the opinion that Attorney General Knox will have his hands full in deciding just what the status of the Police Court is. Should he decide that the new law provides for the entire reorganization of the court there will be a determined effort to organize the tribunal on entirely new lines. A fight among the legal lights would also be precipitated for the position of police justice for an entirely new local bar can exert. The fight will be entirely in the appointment of the judges, about whom there has been controversy from time to time.

LANGUAGE OF THE CODE.

The chapter of the District code which relates to the Police Court states that "there shall continue to be a Police Court in the District, as at present, consisting of two judges, learned in law, appointed by the President," &c. The question that arises among the attorneys is, does this manner of phrasing the law make necessary the reorganization of the court? It is said that the entire question hinges on the interpretation of the words "as at present," the contention of a number of attorneys being that the law provides for an entirely new court, while others are of the opinion that the words quoted give the President the power to continue the court as at present. The law does not become effective until the 1st day of January, 1902, but an examination of the code has led to much discussion of the question, and many attorneys who have thoroughly considered the document are of the opinion that a new court will be provided and they have set to work accordingly.

Justice John H. O'Donnell, at present presiding over the United States branch of the Police Court, in the absence of Judge Charles F. Scott, fired the first gun in the campaign for the police judgeship, should a new court be decided upon, Saturday, when he hurriedly went to Canton to consult with President McKinley. It is understood that Judge O'Donnell is anxious to obtain an appointment on the police bench, and has several times in the past been named as a candidate for the position. It is understood that Judge O'Donnell went to Canton for the express purpose of applying to President McKinley for the position, although the judge will not confirm or deny this statement.

INDORSEMENTS FOR O'DONNELL.

Many of the attorneys having business in the Police Court, and a number of other members of the District bar are backing Judge O'Donnell in his candidacy, and will do all they can to further his plans. Since his appointment as the temporary Justice at the Police Court Judge O'Donnell has had some very difficult cases to decide, and he has dealt with the litigation before him in a manner highly pleasing to the bar.

The terms of the present judges of the Police Court, unless there is a reorganization, will not expire for some years yet, each of them being reappointed about a year ago to the positions that they now hold. Should it be decided that the present Police Court goes out of existence on the 31st of December, however, the terms of the judges will expire then, as they were appointed to preside over the court as it now stands. It is the general opinion of the members of the bar that at least one of the present judges will be appointed to the new court, which one no one seems to be in a position to state. Both Judge Scott and Judge Kimball have occupied the bench at the Police Court for several years, and have, in a majority of cases, given satisfaction to the police department, with which they have more directly to deal. Judge Kimball is one of the authors of the present vagrancy law, which has from time to time caused a great deal of contention among the attorneys, who practice before him, and which has been of great assistance to the police in clearing the city of disreputable characters who could not otherwise be dealt with.

People Who Are Swifling.

When you see people who are trifling, they do not keep their engagements.—Washington (A.), Democrat.

A Girl's Shoes.

Shoes that exactly fit a girl are a curiosity.—Chicago Daily News.



THEY SAY—

This is a world off in.
He knows his business.
Boys should learn trades.
Be truthful in all you say.
This is a world of progress.
All that glitters is not gold.
Think well before you speak.
Do you know what to say always.
The negro attorney has lots to earn.
A truthful person is an honest person.
The greatest man is he who helps humanity.
Judge O'Donnell is making a good judge.
The Pen and Pencil Club is a actor.
It is the good man who does good deeds.
You should speak well of those you know and say nothing against those you don't know.
Because others speak ill of one don't you do so.
Preachers who condemn gambling are guilty by some acts more serious.
The Summer Schools may be doing some good.
You may run from those who are your best friends, but in course of time you will regret it.
If you want to be respected, respect yourself.
The Metropole club is a great institution.
Be truthful always it will pay.
Your first duty is to be true to your friend.
You never see your mistake until it is too late.
You should not be too certain in anything.
Some people don't know when they are doing well.
Be what you are and not what you pretend to be.
Some people don't know when they are doing well.
We often lose a good and sincere friend in our efforts to please those who want to use us.
Don't imagine because you are on top that you don't need friends.
We get too conceited at times.
True friendship is only found in those who are honest.
Do what you think is best and then you will not make any mistake.
This is a world in which you will find trouble.
Don't change old friends for new ones.
You will never see your mistakes until it is too late.
Major Sylvester is a model commander.
There will be several changes in the District government soon.
Correspondents are numerous.
They write much and say a little.
If you want to know the news read THE BEE.
The democratic party, in Maryland, will give the republicans a hard push.
If you don't know what you are talking about keep your mouth shut.
The Pen and Pencil Club is a good organization.
The next presidential candidate will come from the West.
Be sure that you stick to your friends.
Don't be too previous neither should you allow yourself to know too much.
Be certain that you are right and then go ahead.
A good man will do good deeds.

Some things will be done contrary to reason.
Politicians don't know it all.
Why not abolish the police court after the passage of the new bill.
The man who knows it all should never be consulted.
You may deceive some people but you can't deceive all the people.
You may deceive your friends some times but not all the time.
When you have a good friend held him. He is hard to find.

INFLUENTIAL FOREIGNERS.

Prince von Hohenlohe is credited with having made this remark about the German emperor: "His greatest failing is that he does not think there are any limits to his will."
The sultan of Sulu is a little man, with a no more striking personality than is given him by his costume. When standing he hardly comes above the elbow of the average American.
Chelkib Bey, the new Turkish minister to this country, has arrived, accompanied by his mother, daughter and two sons. He is said to be a keen-going sportsman and an extensive breeder of thoroughbred horses, in which he takes a great interest.
Mme. Severine, the editor of La Fronde, the newspaper in Paris conducted by women, is a power in the French capital, and she is absolutely independent and original in her ways of thinking. She has a villa in the village of Pierrefonds, whither she retires for a day or two when the pressure of her literary work threatens to overpower her strength.
The new Italian ambassador, Marquis Obizzo Malaspina Di Barbonari, is a man who is sure to attract attention at the American capital. He has had a meteoric career and will be the youngest of the ambassadors accredited to this capital and one of the youngest men in the entire corps. Less than five years ago the marquis was an undersecretary of the embassy in Washington, under Baron Fava.
President Loubet is driving his master of ceremonies to despair, it is declared. The president will not have ceremony. When his visitors arrive he rushes forward and gives a grip of the hand before his bewildered attendant has made the usual announcement. And now, copying the example of the king of the Belgians and no doubt with happy recollections of his struggling bachelor days, the president takes Mme. Loubet out to dine at a cafe in the open air. Parisians are delighted.

PROMINENT PERSONALITIES.

Lord Charles Beresford, who is about to resign his naval position to lead one branch of the opposition in English politics, has been in the navy since he was 13 and has worked himself up through sheer merit.
Though Mrs. Grover Cleveland is seldom heard of nowadays, she does a great deal of charity work. Not long ago she quietly made a tour of the down part of New York city to personally observe the workings of a relief society in which she is actively interested.
Mr. Field, one of the Irish members of parliament, has suggested an inquiry into the causes of the enormous emigration from Ireland at present. He states that 8,665 persons left Irish ports last month, against 8,105 for the corresponding month of the previous year, and that the total for the five months of the present year was 18,197.
George Gould, like his father, is a silent man. He divides his secrets with no one. Taught in a practical school, he has the ability, the wealth and the experience to develop his plans on a scale of great magnitude. It is predicted he will make a greater reputation as a master financier than his father left, and that he will accumulate, if he has not done so already, a much larger fortune.
Walter Campbell, who has just published a book of humorous poems, illustrated by Princess Louise, is said to be one of the best amateur reciters and Scotch story tellers in British society. Always a great favorite of the late queen, he would bring a smile to her lips at every moment with his quaint tales, his imitations of the peasantry's ways and doings—copied firsthand from real life—their shrewd, canny sayings and their homely mother wit.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

A little lemon juice cooked with boiled rice, it is said, will keep the grains separate and distinct.
Because gelatin, onions and milk are notable scavengers of the air they should never be left uncovered.
It is said that a sack of the best salt left standing in the kitchen will absorb not only the smell of frying fish, but other unpleasant odors.
In making a custard pie remember that the baking is an important item. Experience may teach one just the point at which to interrupt the cooking. The best way is to watch the pie and remove it from the oven the moment the custard reaches the boiling point. A custard pie is spoiled if allowed to boil in the oven.
A sandwich fork, which is worth buying for the fun there is in playing with it, is large and three-tined. It has a standard on the under side, and on the upper side a bit of simple machinery. This machinery ends near the handle of the fork with two small handles, which are pressed together with the fingers, like a pair of scissors. This

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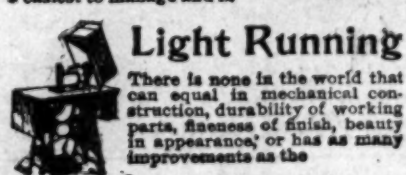
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for a mere song. See to it that you buy from reliable manufacturers that have gained a reputation by honest and square dealing. You will then get a Sewing Machine that is noted in the world over for its durability. You want the one that is easiest to manage and is



NEW HOME

It has Automatic Tension, Double Feed, all on both sides of needle (patented), no other has it; New Stand (patented), driving wheel hinged on adjustable center, thus reducing friction to the minimum.

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514 Ninth St., N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CENTER MARKET.

Miller & Krogmann,

—DEALERS IN—

Hams, Bacon, Lard,

Beef and Beef Tongues.

"Dora Brand" Hams a Specialty

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500 CENTRE MARKET,

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DRIED AND CHIPPED BEEF,

COOKED HAMS, TONGUES

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SPECIALIST.

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BAILEYS

Improved Truss.

tion with perfect safety. All uncomfortable and injurious steel spring pressure is avoided. The pad is held in place by woven bands, which retain an equal pressure in all positions of the body. It can be worn in bed, a great desideratum to the young as tending to a perfect cure. It is the only suitable truss for children and females. The proper amount of pressure can be brought to bear and maintained in any position without pinching or harm to the wearer. It will cure hernia if placed on the patient sufficiently early. Excepting umbilical, it is the best truss ever offered for all kinds of hernia. It is so perfect and comfortable in its adjustment that the patient in a short time forgets he is wearing it. (See the certificate of Mr. Daniel Johnson.) Sent postage paid to any address on receipt of price; \$3 for single and \$4 for double truss. In ordering, give location of hernia, right or left side and measurement. Satisfaction given—money refunded when the truss is returned in good order. Address:

L. C. Bailey,

Room 15, 609 F St., N. W.

or #921 M St., N. W., Was. D. C.

Yakley—There isn't a bigger name than the man that is always in the line of treating.
Mudge—He isn't half so bad as the fellow that never treats at all—think on that.

The Correct System of Raising Children

Sad Awakening of a Lady Who Knew All About It, or Rather Thought She Knew A A A

Now, behold, there came a time in the land when all the women belonged unto clubs, writes Josh Wink in the Baltimore American. And every club was devoted unto the solving of problems which were better tackled single-handed, or might as well have been left alone in the first place. And great was the sale of encyclopedias, for all the women had to write papers about things of which they had never heard. Verily, they asked more questions than a conundrum social. Now, it came to pass that certain of the women of the land said one to another:

"Let us have a mothers' convention."

And the others answered with one voice: "Won't that be cute? Let's."

And it was so.

Now, when they had gathered in the place of the convention there arose one among them with a paper.

And the heading of the paper was: "The Only Real Tip on the Correct Mode of Raising Children."

And the woman who had the paper was a maiden of uncertain age, if you took her word for it.

But, verily, if you took a look at her there was neither uncertainty nor doubt in thy mind.

And she read from the paper, and told them all about it, even all.

So that, when she had finished, one among them rose up and said:

"Behold, there is nothing more to be said or to be written. Let us go hence and go to the mark-down sales and the places of the soda fountains."

So they all departed, and the woman who had read the paper awoke the next morning to find her picture in the dailies.

For she had sent it unto the men that are called editors.

Now, it also came to pass that this woman had a sister, who was married, and who furthermore had four children.

And the married one was going away for a journey and would leave the children at home.

So she called unto her maiden sister, saying:

"If it seemeth fair in thy sight, it would be real nice of you to take care of the little darlings while I am away."

And the sister smiled a glad smile and vowed that she would be happy to do it.

And when she took charge of the children she took also with her the paper that she had read.

Behold, in two minutes the first paragraph thereof was rendered null and void.

For the children yielded not unto her singing, nor would they sit themselves still and listen unto the stories which she had advised being told unto them.

When she sought to inculcate good principles by means of a tale of noble actions, she was asked to "Cut it out."

When she suggested that the children play the game that is called "Ring Around a Rosy," she was asked to go back to the woods.

When she sought to tempt them with "Puss in the Corner" she was urged to get an alarm clock and come to herself, for she was in an apparent slumber.

When she tried moral suasion upon them they continued to eat from the jam jar and to wipe their fingers upon the lace curtains.

When she endeavored to get them to desist from their ways, which she called "naughty," they beseeched her to go and get a reputation.

And she took the paper that she had read unto the convention and tore it into fragments.

And threw the fragments into the street.

And she went out into the yard and selected some long, vigorous switches from a peach tree which grew there.

Behold, when the mother returned unto her home she found her children eating from off the mantelpiece and behaving with much obedience.

While the maiden aunt sat in the midst of them with a gad in her hand and a grim look in her eyes.

Now, there is a large and valuable moral attached unto this tale, which the same is:

It Is Always Easy to Raise Other People's Children, Until You Try to Do the Trick.

WITH A GAD IN HER HAND.



HYPNOTIZED HIMSELF.

Seventeen-Year-Old Boy Exerts Influence Over Himself Which is Beyond His Control.

Self-hypnotized while looking into the eyes of his reflection in a mirror, William J. Spinney, of Fitchburg, Mass., is beyond his own control. He is in a state where medicine will not affect him in producing much-needed sleep, and the power of the ordinary

brother, "William will come to himself, and he is the only person who can cause that result."

Spinney is only 17 years old, but he has been interested in hypnotism for a long time. A traveling operator worked on him for a headache a few weeks ago and cured the ailment. Immediately afterward Spinney exerted the influence on some of his companions, and that night, believing that he might be able to hypnotize himself, he stood before a full-length mirror, and succeeded.

When under his own influence he said to have assured himself that he could bend backward to the floor and not be injured, and he did so. Then he threw himself backward on his head and neck, and did not seem to suffer from the heavy fall.

In the night he disappeared, and toward morning was brought home suffering from a badly cut forehead. He had been found in the dead of night at Cleghorn, two miles away. He had broken a window pane in a residence, and was sawing his finger across the ragged glass to prove that it would not hurt him. In explanation he insisted that he was Jesus Christ.

This was a week ago. Nearly a month ago he assured himself that he need not sleep, and since that time he has not closed his eyes. Morphine, injected with a view to forcing him to rest, is said to have nearly killed him. He eats little, and is never still a moment.

Physicians are inclined to believe the boy is crazy. His brother, who is a student of hypnotism, insists that the boy is only under his own spell, and that he will come out of it in time.

Made Insane by Noise.

At the age of 13 Mrs. Helen Mar-

warren, of Binghamton, N. Y., was married. Now, at the age of 36, she has 14 children, and they are so noisy that they drove the mother insane.

M. D. Can't Treat Animals.

A regular physician has no right to practice as a horse doctor. This is the decision of Judge W. G. Cochran, of Arcola, Ill.

When he does that," says an elder

hypnotist to "suggest" things to him will not avail. He has been for days in a condition where he obeys his own "suggestions," and these have been always to set himself new tasks. Just where it will end no one can say, though his family hope that when his condition has worn upon him sufficiently he will say to himself: "Lie down and recover your normal faculties."

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hypnotizing himself.

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Watson's Park,

AN IDEAL SUMMER RESORT

ON
GLEN ECHO RAILWAY, MD.

A Fine place for pleasure seekers. Bring your children and husbands, bring their families, and enjoy an outing at this delightful SUMMER RESORT. Shade trees, cooling and refreshing breeze. Take F street car and continue your ride to GLEN ECHO junction. Take the car there for CHEVY CHASE, that stops at the PARK ENTERANCE. If you take the avenue car, 7th or 14th street car for CHEVY CHASE and Change at the junction, take the GLEN ECHO car and come directly to

watson's Park.

The Testimonial Age.

Drug Clerk—This remedy has cured ten congressmen, eight senators, six prima donnas—

Customer—Hold on, young fellow. I ain't none of them. Just lay that aside and show me something that has cured a few common people.—Chicago Daily News.

An English Version.

Mary had a little hen,
'Twas feminine and queer;
It laid like smoke when eggs were cheap,
But stopped when eggs were dear.
—The Onlooker.

OH! THESE HORRID MEN.



Mrs. Stiller Nuthin—My dear, what is your idea of a happy man?
Mr. Nuthin—He's a fellow who can make more money than his wife can spend.—Chicago Chronicle.

Heartlessness of Politicians.
"It's a mean thing to do," said the politician, "but I've got to shake the public confidence in this opponent of mine somehow."
"But there is no use of abusing him."

"No. I'll awaken distrust by more insidious methods. I will have him called 'the silver-tongued orator.' If that name ever fastens to him, his finish is in sight."—Washington Star.

Knew Her Business.
Uncle George—Clara, if you are wise, you will drop that young Scattergood. He's a spendthrift by instinct, and you never can count upon his taking care of his money.
Clara—Don't be alarmed, Uncle George. If I can keep the engagement running for another year he won't have any money to take care of.—Boston Transcript.

Answered Without Hesitation.
"Maria Jane," said a fond mother, the other morning, to her daughter, "did Daniel Johnson kiss you on the steps last night?"
"No, mamma, he did not."
If the fond parent had said "lips" instead of "steps" it would have troubled Maria Jane to reply.—Tit-Bits.

Appearances Against Him.
The Parson (leaning over the fence, shocked)—Makin' garden on Sunday, brother! I is pained beyon' measur, brother Johnson!

Rastus Johnson (flustered)—Deed I ain't makin' garden, pahson! I've only diggin' bait to go fishin'!—Brooklyn Eagle.

Force of Habit.
"Drummer, isn't he?"
"Yes; confirmed. Why, he has been on the road so long that when he gets home and his wife hands him the biscuits at the dinner table he immediately begins to flirt with her!"

The Sturdy Pine-Tree.
The New England pine, which Emerson adored, appears, according to the recent investigations of Prof. G. E. Stone, to be holding its own in the forests of central Massachusetts, while some of its old competitors, like the hemlock, the beech and the canoe birch, have decreased, other species taking their place. "The pine," says Prof. Stone, "can adapt itself to a great variety of conditions."—Youth's Companion.

Carriage in Warfare.
During the sieges of medieval times it was very common for the beleaguers to throw from their catapults and other military engines dead bodies of dogs, swine, together with pieces of horse flesh and similar carrion into the city or castle besieged, in order that the defenders might, by the stench of this putridity, be forced to a surrender.—Indianapolis News.

A Special Occasion.
First Tramp—You order seen Bill goin' over de fence wit' de bull after him.
Second Tramp—Must have been with lookin' at it.
"Say! It wuz de only time I ever seen him when he didn't look tired!"
—Puck.

DIVIDED THE HOUSE.

Domestic Quarrel Leads to Semi-Voluntary Separation.

Old Homestead Shelters Both Husband and Wife, But a Chalk Line Keeps Them Apart—A Bu-colle Scandal.

When Leander Southard and his wife quarreled, says the New York World, they divided their house in two sections with a chalk line. The wife and the baby took up their abode on the south side, which was the sunniest and best, while the husband occupied the chilly and dark region on the northern limit of the frontier.

This division of territory, however, was a failure as a peacemaker, and for a reason which international politicians will appreciate. There was no buffer state between the two parties and frontier frictions arose that have driven them into the courts.

Leander Southard, whose chalkline cottage is at Norwood, L. I., two miles from Lynbrook, is now suing John Johnson, a rich farmer and neighbor, for \$10,000 damages, claiming that he stole away the affections of Mrs. Southard. Lawyer George A. Mott served the papers the other day.

The Southards, it is said, lived happily until one day the wife came to her husband and broke some news to him.

"I love Farmer Johnson," he says she said. "I have loved him for three years." Then she snapped her fingers defiantly.

"Leave my house at once!" cried the angry husband.

"I won't!" retorted the wife. "I have done nothing wrong. I shall not leave until I am ready."

Then the chalkline, balkline plan suggested itself. Southard bought five cents' worth of chalk and drew the line, and the wife moved the baby and sewing machine over to her territory. Every Saturday night during three years Southard put the housekeeping money for the week on the chalkline, taking care not to invade his wife's preserves.

Farmer Johnson was a frequent caller, but he never went north of the chalkline.

Southard glared across the white frontier at him, but made no protest, even when the farmer took Mrs. Southard out driving or to the village picnics or to husking bees.

A week ago, it is said, Mrs. Southard deposited the baby on the chalkline and disappeared. She did not return that night. This the husband looked upon as a provocation to war, and he went looking through the village for facts. He started his damage suit against Johnson as a result of what he thought he discovered.

With his lawyer and a constable Southard hunted Johnson to serve the papers on him. They found him milking a cow. He saw them first and hid in a cellar. The subsequent hunt for him included a chase across lots and some tree climbing. He was served eventually.

The Southards got some more chalk and renewed the chalkline. The wife sat on the south side of it and sulked. Together they talked to a reporter.

"I love Johnson best, and I'm glad to get rid of my husband," said the wife. "I married for a home and because Mr. Southard said he'd kill himself if I didn't. I married him to save his life. I'm sorry I did it."

"It's his own fault. He let me go with Johnson while he danced and flirted with my younger sister. He has proposed to her. She says so. But I won't let him marry her while I'm alive."

"Keep your side of the chalkline!" exclaimed the husband, warningly.

"Keep your side yourself!" angrily retorted the wife.

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Music both vocal and instrumental formed the program for the evening.

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Madam Fountain, of L. street, entertained Mrs. Dr. Wyche of Charlottesville, N. C., and Miss C. Wyche of Richmond, Va., last Friday evening.

Music both vocal and instrumental formed the program for the evening.

The Misses Wormley of S street, are at Ocean City.

Among the boys who are to enter college in the fall of 1900 are: Haley Douglass, Robie Meriwether and Fred Synphax.

WILL COST FORTUNE.

Schley Inquiry Has Serious Financial Side to It.

Expense Will Not Be Considered, However, by the Navy Department, Which Wants the Controversy Settled Forever.

Now that an official investigation of the Sampson-Schley controversy has been ordered no expense will be spared, as it is the purpose of the secretary of the navy to get every possible fact having any bearing on the Santiago campaign over which disputes have arisen before the court of inquiry.

Every officer whose testimony will be of the slightest value will be summoned to Washington whether on duty on the Asiatic station or in Europe.

The meetings of the court, says the New York World, are to be held in the most richly appointed apartment of the navy department, the floors of which are covered with expensive carpets, the walls elaborately decorated and hung with valuable paintings of former secretaries, and which is furnished with mahogany tables, settees and big easy chairs upholstered in leather.

The naval regulations provide that officers of the navy traveling under orders in the United States shall be allowed eight cents per mile while so engaged in lieu of their actual expenses.

Officers traveling to the United States from a foreign station will receive subsistence pay at the rate of from 80 cents to one dollar per day if traveling on a naval vessel or on any army transport. But as very few of the officers summoned from foreign countries can travel on government vessels actual traveling expenses will be allowed for the sea voyage, and eight cents per mile for such part of the journey as is made by rail. A naval officer coming from the Philippines to San Francisco on a merchant vessel would receive about \$300 for the sea voyage, \$250 for the journey from San Francisco to Washington and the same returning to his post.

Officers ordered to appear as witnesses before a court of inquiry or



SECRETARY OF NAVY LONG.
(The Man Who Ordered the Sampson-Schley Inquiry.)

to serve as members of a court receive no extra compensation. Retired officers ordered to duty on a court of inquiry will receive full active pay for the time employed. All officers whose presence will be required in Washington, except those on duty there, will receive commutation of quarters while there at the rate of \$12 a room per month, and are allowed a number of rooms according to rank.

The principal witnesses to be called before the Schley court of inquiry and their present stations are as follows:

Capt. Cook, of the Brooklyn, at Annapolis; Capt. Clark, of the Oregon, League Island; Capt. Chadwick, of Admiral Sampson's flagship, the New York, Newport; Rear Admiral Evans, of the Iowa, Washington, at present on a yachting trip; Rear Admiral Higginson, of the Massachusetts, now in command of the North Atlantic station; Lieut. Commander Washburn, commander of the Gloucester, now superintendent of the naval academy at Annapolis; Lieut. Sharp, of the Vixen, on duty on the training ship Hartford, somewhere off the coast of Sweden; Admiral Sampson, Boston; Lieut. Stanton, Sampson's flag lieutenant, now in command of Yankton in Porto Rican waters; Lieut. Commander Sears, Schley's flag lieutenant, hydrographic office, New York; Lieut. Wells, Schley's secretary, on the Kearsarge; Lieut. Marsh, Sampson's secretary, on the Mayflower; Lieut. Hodgson, navigator of the Brooklyn, Newport; Lieutenant Commander Sisson, executive officer of the Massachusetts, naval governor of Guam; Executive Officer Harbor, of the Texas, naval attaché at Paris or St. Petersburg.

How many of the subordinate officers will be summoned is yet to be determined. It is probable that when the list of witnesses is completed as many as ten will be called from the Asiatic station, and if no warship or government transport is available in time they will be directed to come on merchant vessels from Hong-Kong. Should ten officers come on merchant vessels from the far east that alone would entail an item of \$5,000.

In addition to the expense of bringing witnesses there are the running expenses of the court. Stenographers and a clerical force are required, while the item of stationery will not be inconsiderable.

The inquiry will doubtless last a month, if not two months.

But Few Ever Get There.
When a woman has no excuse for being jealous she comes dangerously near being perfectly happy.

HORSE RESCUED HIM.

Boy Is Saved from Certain Death by a Remarkable Display of Equine Sagacity.

Cleveland (O.) reports say that the almost human sagacity of the horse was demonstrated when 11-year-old Ray Campbell, whose mother was drowned in a cloudburst, told his experience during the frightful night.

According to the boy's story, he and his mother were driving along the road about nine o'clock, the water being well over the animal's knees. The rain was yet falling in torrents, and it was as dark as pitch.

Suddenly the horse stopped. Mrs. Campbell hit it with the whip, but it



GRASPED THE HARNESS.

didn't budge. Against the little boy's entreaties she hit the animal a second time, when it plunged forward, and horse, buggy, boy and mother were in a torrent.

The boy was thrown on a log, one of the many being washed down the creek. The log was driven into a piece of high ground and stuck fast. Several hundred yards below the boy heard his mother crying for help. He answered her, but was afraid to trust himself to the swift current.

At the second answer he heard a horse's whinny, and the animal appeared swimming out from the bank. It came to him and rubbed up against him. He then quit his hold on the log and grasped the horse's harness, when the animal swam with him to the bank.

There he must have become unconscious, as it was midnight when he reached a farmhouse half a mile away, and the watch found on his mother's body had stopped at nine o'clock.

WISDOM IN CHUNKS.

Delinquent Debtor, in a Moment of Leisure, Gives Some Valuable Hints to a Collector.

The Chicago Tribune says that a collector of bad accounts received a lesson from a delinquent debtor a few days ago that has started him to thinking a bit. The collector had been chasing this delinquent for about six months and had become tired of "Call to-morrow," "I haven't it just now," and other excuses of a similar dilatory nature, and thought it was time to become "tassy."

"See here," he said the last time he called, "are you ever going to pay my bill?"

"Why, yes," replied the delinquent, "I suppose I will pay it some day or another. But look here yourself, young man. I think I can show you



"HOW MANY BILLS HAVE YOU?"

a thing or two. How many bills have you in that bundle?"

"About 40, I guess."

"How long does it take you to visit these people?"

"Generally I can get over my route in a day."

"Suppose every one of them should pay up?"

"That would be fine!"

"O, it would, would it? What would you do for a living if everybody paid promptly?"

The collector turned the thought over in his mind for a moment or two, and looked blank.

"Gracious!" he said, "I'd be out of a job!"

"That's exactly my point. Don't, therefore, be so infernally anxious to collect every cent due to your people at one time. A few collections a day are enough. As for my account, come around some day next week, and I may help you out of business by paying it. Good day."

COL. MORGAN'S BAIT. HAD NARROW ESCAPE

Both It and His Famous Retriever An Incident of Capt. Hobson's Stay at Madison, Wis.

Famous Arkansas Genius Tries New Method of Fishing, But Will Hereafter Confine Himself to Hook and Line.

Ike Morgan, who lives down near Tulliver, Ark., does not believe in any new-fangled ways of fishing. Ike says that now and forever afterwards the good old way with rod and line is good enough for him. Ike keeps a hotel down near Tulliver and one day, says the Chicago Tribune, he was boasting to a lot of traveling men of a new and improved way he had of fishing. Ike said:

"A want to tell yo' gen'men that th' ole way yo' all hev' of fishin' is too slow. A fren' of mine told me if evah Ah got in a hurry for a good mess of fish that th' only way to do would be to jest tek er stick of dynamite an' throw it into the river an' blow the fish up, sah, and have enough fish fer the hotel for a week, sah."

The traveling men told Col. Morgan they did not think much of his scheme. They said the dynamite might make a good deal of noise and all that, but all the effect it would have on the fish would be to stun them perhaps momentarily and that then they would swim away. If any fish should happen to be caught right near the exploding dynamite the traveling men declared that that particular fish would be blown so high he wouldn't come down for two weeks, and when he did he would be so dead that he would not do for a nice fry. Col. Morgan became quite heated by the argument and declared he should experiment the very next morning and invited everybody to come down and watch his triumph.

That day Col. Morgan drove over to a mine near Tulliver and secured a big dynamite cartridge which was to be fired with a fuse. The next morning Col. Morgan, with the dynamite cartridge carefully carried in a basket and attended by his guests and most of the male population of Tulliver, went down to the river to make the test. Col. Morgan carefully ignited the fuse and then, straining every muscle, threw the cartridge with all his might into the river. Unfortunately he threw too



FLED IN WILD DISMAY.

far and the cartridge, instead of going into the water, fell on a sandbar in the center of the stream. In a moment there was a splash in the water. One of Col. Morgan's neighbors shrieked in alarm: "Ike, Ike, there goes that \$100 retriever dog of your'n and he's a-going to retrieve that ther ole cartridge."

Col. Morgan rushed down to the edge of the river and besought his faithful dog to return. But the retriever was a retriever that retrieved. He knew his business. He swam as hard as he could for the sandbar, and in spite of the frantic calls of the colonel and the citizens of Tulliver grabbed up the cartridge and swam back to lay it at his master's feet.

"Drop that cartridge, yo' heah me," shrieked the colonel. "Drop that, Majah, yo' wuthless fool dawg; drop that yer cartridge."

But the retriever only interpreted the colonel's impassioned language to mean that he was to hurry back with that peculiar sputtering bird he carried in his mouth, and he only swam the harder.

"Drop, yo' fool dawg," shrieked the colonel. "Drop that cartridge. Keep away, yo' heah me."

But the dog did not hear. At any rate he swam straight for the colonel. The traveling men turned and fled in wild dismay, followed by the citizens of Tulliver. The dog sprang out on to the bank and made for his master. Col. Morgan turned and ran with all the speed that a 250-pound man unused to running can muster. He went puffing up the hill like a locomotive, with his dog close at his heels.

"Drop it," yelled the colonel. "Drop it, sah; keep away; drop it; keep away; drop it, sah."

The colonel came to a rail fence and went over it in a manner that would have delighted a professional athlete. The dog gathered himself for a spring, and just then the cartridge exploded. Pieces of that dog were picked up for a half mile around.

"'Twas a good dawg," said Col. Morgan, sadly, "but he cudn't discriminate between a bird and a cartridge, sah, and it cost him his life. An' he cost a hundred dollars, and there wasn't his beat in the country. An' if any fool man tells me any moah new ways to catch fish, sah, I am a-goin' ter kill him; yes, sah, kill him where he stands, sah."

Mercenary Newspaper Correspondents Put Up an Osculatory Job on Him, But the Scheme Failed Dismally.

Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson, of Merrimac fame, came near being kissed as of old when he delivered an address at the Monona Lake assembly, near Madison, Wis., on the closing day, August 2.

This year Capt. Hobson was secured for a lecture. As a result the Milwaukee papers ordered several hundred words and some few of the Chicago papers asked for 150. This was far and out ahead of the usual run of affairs, but still the correspondents grumbled.

Capt. Hobson was to speak on Friday afternoon. Early that morning several ambitious correspondents got together and hatched a little plan, which was nothing more nor less than to have the warrior who had succumbed to osculatory attacks so many times kissed again. If this scheme could be arranged and skillfully carried out it meant a cozy little check for each of the several promoters.

At the lone summer theater in Madison was a girl that week with a pretty face and undaunted nerve. To her the plan was unfolded, and the conspirators were informed that Miss Bonnie Male was billed to kiss Capt. Richmond P. Hobson at the Monona Lake assembly that afternoon. Each correspondent saw an imaginary R. S. V. P. on the directions from his paper, and smiled in glib anticipation.

Permission to sit on the platform was secured from Secretary James E. Moseley, and in the afternoon Bonnie Male and a friend were escorted across the lake by one of the newspaper men. On the boat the young lady occupied her time rehearsing a



CAPT. RICHMOND P. HOBSON.
(Had Narrow Escape from Cleverly-Planned Kissing Plot.)

little piece, which ran something like this:

"Is this Capt. Hobson? I have never seen you before, Capt. Hobson, but I have heard lots about you. Is it too late for me to kiss a war hero?"

The last question was superfluous. It was to be answered while the charming young lady was performing the deed for which she begged.

Everything worked like a charm. Bonnie Male and her friend were seated on the platform just before the great Hobson began to speak. For a full hour and a half the captain thundered out his plea for a larger navy.

Finally, with a last mighty burst of patriotism about the American flag floating as a symbol of free institutions wherever our navy chanced to be, he bowed his thanks and stepped back. Hardly had he done so before a little bunch of white femininity rushed across the platform, and a moment later the astonished Capt. Hobson looked down at a pair of pleading blue eyes and two red lips of tempting sweetness.

Just at this point opinions of what took place differ. The audience, says the Chicago Tribune, composed largely of preachers and their families, saw a charming young lady whom they did not know rush across to the speaker, look up at him and apparently ask him some question. He smiled, said something, and waited. The little miss asked another question, and the big six-foot hero frowned just a trifle, hesitated, and finally shook hands cordially. Those who watched from the front idly wondered what the conversation was about, but beyond that they hazarded no guess as to the incident.

The newspaper men were on the qui vive when Bonnie Male greeted the speaker. They saw what the rest of the audience did, but interpreted it far differently. When Capt. Hobson merely shook hands they groaned inwardly and waited for Miss Bonnie to explain.

"I didn't get time to ask him to kiss me," she said. "Just after I told him I had never met him before, but had heard lots about him, he took my hand and shook it. Then they called him to go forward and acknowledge the cheers, and he left me there alone while the people crowded around him."

Then the newspaper men, with commendable imagination, wired little accounts to their papers of how Bonnie Male, a vaudeville actress, had asked Capt. Hobson to allow her to kiss him, and how he had sidestepped and avoided the rush.

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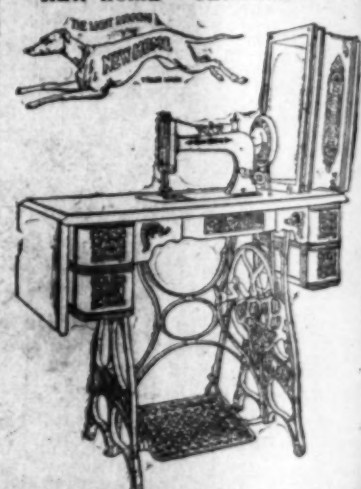
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The Negro.

One would suppose that the white people of the Country would become tired of hearing the word "Negro." Prior to and subsequent to his emancipation he was upon the lips of the white man. Once upon the lips as a slave and subsequently an alleged citizen and freeman. Is the Negro free in a sense? No. Every State where the Democratic party controls, efforts are made to disfranchise the colored man. The Democratic party is rebellion in disguise and the principles for which it fought and lost, are being developed in another shape. The North had better be on the outlook. Before the war the South tried to hold its power and legislate by treasonable methods. It rebelled and endeavored to destroy the Union. It failed, but now through chicanery and demagoguery the South has taken possession of the legislatures, and by subterfuges and unconstitutional enactments, the Negro is being disfranchised and is subjected to political slavery. When will this end? The advice of Negro leaders to their brethren in the South and elsewhere to use the shot-gun, would only be suicidal to the poor black man South. The time is not far off before the black man will be recognized as a citizen and a brother. The white man is all powerful. He rules the world by superior intellect and not by inheritance. The black man is here by sufferance, by virtue of the white man's superiority in intellect. Had the red man not been tricked and fooled the white man would be living in this Country by sufferance instead of the Negro. The red man was killed out, the Negro was brought and enslaved. Give the Negro equal chances and he would not remain enslaved thirty hours. The white man is a coward. He knows the weakness of the Negro. The Negro is not mean neither does he endeavor to take the advantage of the white man. He is loyal and patriotic. He loves his Country and is willing and ready to honor the white man. He is becoming tired now, the time is coming when he will be come to hit back, but it will be suicidal to him if he does it. He cannot longer stand this oppression. His last appeal will be to the conscience of the American people. He will present his claims as well as his faults to those who are in power. What has the Negro done that he should be so treated? He is willing to work if you will give it to him. He obeys the law, what more? There are times when the most docile will cry out stop. Why will you ask more of the Negro?

The Lynched and Lynchers.

Where there is a law it should be allowed to take its course. The crime of lynching is as bad as those who are lynched. If the lynched would desist in committing such heinous offenses there would be no lynch law. People are human, that is, the civilized people to a great extent are human, but when a brute enters the sacred chambers of your household and ravishes the tender flower that has been cared for or the babe that has been a suckling at its mother's breast, the brutal passion of man or woman will rise and declare for vengeance. The lynched becomes a victim for the lynchers; the law is defied; civilization is supplanted and brutal force is resorted to. While it is wrong in the eyes of justice, who can stay the execution-

er's hand when the populace rises up and cry vengeance? Who can stay the hand of the law, when it is unanimously violated or when the entire community cries out against the crime of the brute? No citizen should advise a crime. No citizen should advise the weaker race to use the Winchester, even in defending the rapist. The people will not stand for it. You advise something which is dangerous to the innocent. The more fortunate of our fellow citizens should learn how to discriminate. All negroes are not alike. The Jim Crow Car Law should only operate so far as in the judgment of those are able to discriminate against the worthy and the unworthy. There is within the negro race men and women who possess refinement and education. We have the thief, the bum and the rapist. It is not possible for those who control and legislate for us to discriminate and take from the unclean the clean? The negro asks for fair treatment. He demands a fair and impartial trial when he is charged with an offense. The Bee has no sympathy for the rapists; The Bee has no respect for those who violate the laws of the country, but The Bee asks for justice and equality before the law and no mercy for the violators of the law. The Bee sees no remedy for the negro before the law, but for those who insist on committing crime to cease; then and not until then will the lynched have the respect of the lynchers.

Cheatham the Prophet.

The Bee has never been selfish neither is it vindictive. But when a man gives good advice to his people he should be given credit for it. The attacks made on Hon. H. P. Cheatham, because he saw fit to advise the colored people the best course to pursue he should not be regarded or styled a coward and a "has been." As long as Mr. Cheatham has been in public life his course has been exemplary. He is honest and a safe representative to follow. The Bee in its reply last week to Mr. Pledger voiced the sentiments of the people of this Country and more especially in the South, when it said that it would be impolitic for the Southern Negroes to use the Winchester or any kind of force. The Negro is weak physically; financially he is not strong; socially and politically he is a non-entity in the great body politic. Has Mr. Cheatham given the wrong advice to his people? He has lived South. He knows their condition and their wants. While it may appear or look like an apology on the part of the Recorder, it is good sense and good judgement. These very Negroes who claim to have the interest of the colored race at heart, are renegades, demagogues and traitors. No man, if he is honest, will advise his people to repel force, when he knows that his people are weak. The day will come when the traducers of Cheatham will not call him a "has been," but will say "Cheatham the Prophet."

Will It Do?

It has been a question with THE BEE where colored men are placed at the head of institutions or at the head of government departments, whether it is not best to have the assistant a white man. In many instances a colored man will, in many cases, prove a traitor to his chief. THE BEE can cite many instances where colored assistants have been disloyal to the colored Chiefs and have made unnecessary trouble. The Bee would suggest to them, perhaps with one exception, to select an assistant from the opposite race, which will also eliminate color prejudice.

The Judges So Decided.

From the Star of Zion.

We publish in this issue a very interesting discussion which took place last week between two cultured young ladies, Misses Arnold and Sagers, the former of Washington D. C., the latter of Charlotte, N. C., at the Lyceum of Grace A. M. E. Zion church, Charlotte, relative to which is the best place for the Negro to live. At the conclusion of the debate, the judges decided that according to the number of points made the North was the

place for the Negro.

The judges who decided that the North is the best place for the Negroes, have never been North perhaps. There was more sentiment in the lady's paper than reason.

Met His Brother-in-Law.

A story is told of a shrewd Scotchwoman who tried to wean her husband from the dram-shop by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost and frighten John on his way home. "Who are you?" asked the farmer, as the apparition rose before him from behind a bush. "I am Auld Nick," was the reply. "Are you, really?" exclaimed the reprobate, with satisfaction instead of terror. "Mon, come awa'. Gie's a shake o' your hand; I am married to a sister o' yours!"—Tit-Bits.

Blessed Ignorance.

"One half the world don't know How the other half lives," I laugh When I think this refers to the wife In regard to her better half.—Harlem Life.

REASONABLE EXPLANATION.



He—Why does a woman always hold up her skirt in that manner when out walking?
She—Because she has no trouser pockets, I suppose.—Chicago Daily News.

The Annual Fool.

He took the old musket corroded, And no thought of danger foreboded, He said with a scoff That it couldn't go off. And found out too late it was loaded.—Judge.

Pushing His Claim.

She—The man I marry must have done something of importance.
He—Then I am the very man you require.
She—You? Why, what important thing did you ever do?
He—I fell in love with you at first sight.—Tit-Bits.

Too Bad.

"Here's a paper that says Boston supplies the rest of the country with skeletons."
"It's too bad."
"What's too bad?"
"It's too bad that people should always be poking fun at those thin Boston girls."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Triumph of Realism.

Landlubber—That snowstorm you have painted is wonderfully realistic! Daubleigh—It must be. A tramp got into my studio one day, caught sight of the picture, and unconsciously put on my overcoat before he went out.—Tit-Bits.

Room for Doubt.

Experienced Servant—Gentleman wants to see you, sir.
Mr. Richmann—Who is he?
Experienced Servant—I couldn't find out, sir; but, judging by his clothes, he's either a beggar or a millionaire, sir.—N. Y. Weekly.

Summer Delights.

He—I tell you, there's nothing like a girl and a hammock and a moonlight night.
She (demurely)—Perhaps; but I believe most girls prefer to have a man in addition.—Town Topics.

His Own Interest.

Stubb—Do you notice how the keeper of this hotel promotes love-making among his guests?
Penn—Yes, he has found that people lose their appetites when in love.—Chicago Daily News.

The Latest Dodge.

"Boston ought to keep her beggars at home, I think."
"What do you mean?"
"Why, that tramp asked me for ten cents to help get his spectacles mended."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Where She Falls.

"What a pleasant wife you have, old fellow! I'm sure she is the kind of a woman who makes the best of things."
"Well, yes, so she is. That is, except when she tries her hand at cooking, you know."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Extenuating Circumstance.

She—How dare you kiss me, sir!
He—Why, don't you like to be kissed?
She—Not by married men, anyway.
He—But I've been married only a month.—Town Topics.

Not Exclusive.

Friend—Have you resigned from the society?
The Ex-Daughter—Yes. There are too many people with ancestors nowadays!—Brooklyn Life.

In Confidence.

Friend—What would you recommend for rheumatism?
Doctor—Patience.—Puck.

Better Than Nothing.

Gladys—Ferdie is absolutely good for nothing.
Edith—Oh, I don't know. He's good to practice "refusal!" on.—Judge.

EDWARD HUBERT BUTLER.

Buffalo Newspaper Man Who Is Mentioned for Successor to Mr. Platt in the Senate.

Edward Hubert Butler, who is mentioned as the successor of Thomas Collier Platt in the United States senate, is the editor and proprietor of the Buffalo News and one of the most popular men in the state. Some idea of how favorably he is regarded by all classes may be gathered when it is said that recently Mr. Butler was endorsed by all the newspapers without exception for the mayoralty next fall. The possible senator is now in his fifty-first year. He is a native of Le Roy, N. Y., and began his career as a newspaper man in that city. Previously to his establishment of the Buffalo News he worked as an active newspaper man in New York and Pennsylvania. For seven years he made the Sunday News a success. Then he launched out into the daily field and founded the evening paper which he now owns and which has since grown into one of the most important journals in the state. For many years he has been an influential member of the republican party. In 1896 he was a presidential elector, and again in 1900, and he was presiding officer of the electoral college on the assembling of that body. He has never held a political office, nor has he ever sought one, but it is understood he would not object if called to represent New York in the senate.



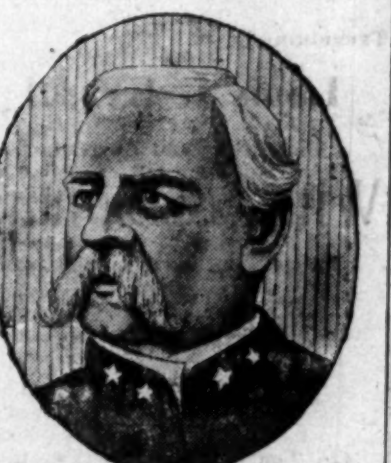
EDWARD HUBERT BUTLER.
(Possible Successor of Mr. Platt in United States Senate.)

Admiral Howison. Appointed to Serve in Kimberly's Place on the Sampson-Schley Inquiry Commission. The navy department has designated Rear Admiral Henry L. Howison, of Yonkers, N. Y., to serve with Admiral Dewey and Rear Admiral Benham on the Sampson-Schley commission. Howison is one of the youngest retired officers of his grade, having been retired October 10, 1899, when he reached the age of 62. During the early part of the war he served principally on blockade duty, but later participated in the battle of Mobile bay as commander of the United States ship Bienville. It is rather an interesting coincidence that he was in command of the cruiser Vandalia at Samoa, which later went down in the hurricane in Apia harbor while flying the flag of Rear Admiral Kimberly, who had succeeded him as senior officer on the station, and whom he now succeeds on this court. He was in command of the Boston yard during the Spanish war, and later was commander of the South Atlantic station. He made the famous long-distance cruise around Africa in the Chicago, as the last act of his active career, arriving in New York the day before Dewey arrived in the Olympia. It will be remembered that, although he outranked Sampson, who was in command of the receiving fleet at that time, he refrained from assuming command, but courteously allowed Sampson to do the honors upon that occasion.

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(Member of the Sampson-Schley Inquiry Commission.)

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The Pastor's Run Worked.

A minister in a Kansas town regretfully learned that the church collections were diminishing in amount. On a recent Sabbath he informed his congregation, just before the plates were passed round, that the members who were in debt were not expected to contribute. To his delight he later was informed that the collection was double the usual sum.

College for Washerwomen.

A college for washerwomen has been opened in New York by the charity organization society. The course is 12 daily lessons, and the students receive 60 cents a day and luncheon. Instructors teach the nature of fabrics and the best methods of cleaning them and exercise a strict supervision until the pupil receives a certificate.

HOWLED FOR A BARREL.

While Paul McLain Swam Under Water a Tramp Made Away with His Clothes.

"Oh, for a barrel," sighed Paul McLain, as the Desplaines river rippled slowly and soothingly under his ears, a tiny little wavelet rising now and then to caress his firmly molded chin.

"Oh, for a barrel of any kind. In the absence of pants give me a pickle barrel, a vinegar barrel or any old kind of a barrel that will save me from the clutches of the Civic Purity league as I go home."

It should be explained, says the Chicago American, that Mr. McLain



SHOUTED FOR SUCCOR.

is a clerk in the employ of E. A. Cummings, Washington and Dearborn streets, and when he received his weekly stipend Saturday afternoon he decided to have a frolic in the Desplaines river at Fourteenth street. McLain piled his clothes neatly beneath a sheltering tree, and there and then, with one exulting, joyous bound into the river's arms he leaped. When he came to the surface a stranger was standing on the bank.

"Can you swim under water?" asked the stranger.

"Sure," said McLain.

"Show me how you do it," said the stranger. "I'll count while you are under."

When McLain came to the surface the stranger was gone. He looked to the bank where his clothes had been, but no longer could he see the bright glint of his garter buckle, and the passionate gloss of his red hosiery had faded away. So had his trousers, which contained the weekly stipend.

McLain heard the merry voices of the laborers as they trudged along and he shouted for help. He shouted nearly all the afternoon before he found a man who would lend him a pair of trousers and an old coat. The police say that tramps lie in wait along the river for just such opportunities.

AVENGED BY LOVER.

Father Whips His Daughter and Is, in Turn, Whipped by the Girl's Best Young Man.

The Toledo (O.) correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer writes that six miles west of there is a hamlet known as "Rattlesnake Corners," where lives a farmer named Jacob Dompsey, who has a pretty daughter named Birdie, aged 19 years. A young farm hand named Nathan Johnston won his way to the young girl's heart. The girl's father objected to Johnston paying attention to his daughter and so informed both.

The other evening he caught the two lovers together near the girl's home



DOMPSEY HOWLED WITH PAIN.

and the father tried to give Johnston a sound thrashing, which he would have accomplished only for the girl's interference. The father then ordered the girl into the house, and the neighbors say punished her severely with a strap.

Young Johnston, who had gone home, heard of this, and, enlisting the help of his brother, started toward the Dompsey household. After entering the house the girl's father and the two Johnston boys discussed the matter warmly, and the lover declared he did not care how much Dompsey beat him, but he must not whip the girl. Finally the two brothers seized Dompsey and carried him struggling to the barn, securely bound him with ropes and straps in a stall and then administered to him the same kind of a beating with straps that he was accused of giving his daughter.

Dompsey howled and danced with pain, but finally begged for mercy and promised not to touch his daughter again or interfere with her love affairs.

It is stated that Johnston boys and Dompsey shook hands and made up before separating, and he solemnly promised not to prosecute the boys.

WHOLE STORY TOLD.

It's Not According to Rule, But Every Word of It True.

Conductor Didn't Get Gay with the Old Gentleman Who Had Lost His Pass and That Is Why He Still Holds His Job.

"Tickets!"

There was something resolute and commanding in the tone of the conductor of the famous express train as he uttered the word upon opening the door.

The broad-shouldered, firm-jawed, veteran conductor of the line looked so business-like that all of the passengers in the crowded coach at once got busy hunting up their tickets, and when the conductor reached them they all had their pasteboards ready. All but one.

This one was a ruddy-faced, well-groomed, fine-looking old gentleman with white side whiskers. He fumbled in his wallet for his ticket, but it wasn't there. Then he began a hurried search of his pockets. He appeared to be unsuccessful.

"By ginge!" he was heard to mutter. "I'm almost certain that I brought those—"

And then he stood up and made a systematic search of his pockets, turning over old dog-eared letters, formal-looking papers and heavy-looking envelopes tied up with red tape. But he didn't find what he was hunting for.

Then he clawed his Gladstone bag down from the rack above his head, tugged at the lock and finally got it open. He spent five minutes in turning the contents of the bag topsy-turvy, perspiring all the time, and muttering things that wouldn't go for a minute in a family newspaper that has a large circle of young readers.

"Tickets!"

The broad-shouldered, firm-jawed, veteran conductor of the line was towering right over the well-groomed old gentleman with the ruddy face and the white side whiskers.

"Say, just wait a minute, will you?" said the latter—not, indeed, with a degree of meekness commensurate with the occasion—to the looming conductor. "I know that I put those pesky passes somewhere, but they've got away from me for the moment—"



LOOKING FOR HIS PASS.

just pass on, and I'll see what is tarnation has become of 'em!"

The conductor scowled, as all conductors with a proper appreciation of their positions do under like circumstances. But he went forward, and the fine-looking old gentleman continued his fruitless search. He gave it up after about 15 minutes, and leaned back in his seat looking mad.

Then the conductor returned and bore down upon him.

"Your ticket, sir!"

It was said in an ominous tone, and with an ominous flicking of the conductor's punch.

"Haven't got any ticket, dang it!" growled the well-groomed old gentleman. "Lost it, I guess. But here's my card," and the old gentleman handed the conductor his pasteboard, which set forth the fact that he was the first vice president of the road.

Now, right at this point in the narrative, if the writer were to let the truth get away from him and follow the inevitable rule in such cases made and provided, he would have the conductor remark growlily to the old gentleman that, card or no card, vice president or no vice president, he'd have to show something entitling him to a ride on the line, or be put off at the next station. Then the writer would have gone on to narrate how the old gentleman was filled with admiration over the conductor's strong sense of duty, and how he coughed up his fare in good money, and how, two days later, the conductor found himself appointed a division superintendent.

However—

"Oh, very well, sir," said the conductor, bowing and scraping profusely as he turned the card over in his hand. "Don't mention it. Thanks. The pleasure's mine. Of course, you probably dropped the pass somewhere. But it's all right. Are you comfortable, sir? Is the porter taking proper care of you? Ahem! Fine day for traveling, sir?"

"Uh-huh," replied the first vice president of the line, looking out of the window.

"I'm glad I didn't get chummy with the old duck before I got next to who he was," murmured the conductor to himself as he passed to the next car.

And if, according to all of these stories the conductor had got real gay and conversations with the ruddy-faced old gentleman, there'd have been a hard winter ahead for him and his young ones, and no mistake.

It's too bad, concludes the Washington Star, that all truthful stories haven't got endings like the stories in the books "For a Good Boy."

HERE'S A LITTLE



Pointer for You

I shall in this column endeavor to answer all correspondence that may be sent and request that you ladies to read this column, and any questions that they wished answered please send them in before Saturday of each week.

By Miss MAY CLEMATIS.

E. M. You should have some stability.

E. J. Perhaps you have cause to be indifferent.

Norah. Good company is necessary for your protection.

Mamie. There is nothing more beautiful in a young girl than good manners.

E. T. You can purchase any style of dress.

Josie. Friendship is like love. Hard to find.

Mamie. Girls are not careful enough. Unless you are engaged accept any gentleman's company that is agreeable to you.

N. O. The old style society is the best. A true gentleman is hard to find this day and time.

S. M. You lose a good friend by indiscretion.

Sadie. There are times in life that we should make a change.

Ida. Don't let the courtship be too long. It is not necessary, if you are willing and ready.

Nellie. Your letters should be written so that any one may read them.

Bessie. You have lost confidence in your friend. You should discontinue your correspondence.

Bell. You don't know how happy he was.

You committed a great blunder. The advent would have been appreciated.

Etta. Don't marry one for the sake of marrying, you should learn from observation.

Nettie. Divorces are numerous. Many a girl is lamenting and regretting the hasty steps.

T. M. Keep your friends. Don't be carried away by new faces. They soon fade and their beauty becomes old and stale. Old friends always look the same. We are often compelled to return to them some times.

The Ladies' Home Journal for September is the "Special Autumn Fashion Number" of that excellent magazine. In addition to an unusual number of interesting stories and striking features, it devotes seven pages to a complete setting forth of the styles-to-be in dresses, bodices, hats and wraps. The most important literary feature, perhaps, is the initial installment of "Miss Alcott's Letters to Her 'Laurie'" - letters which have never before been printed. They are edited by "Laurie" himself - now grown up. There is a delightful description of a day in the woods with Ernest Seton-Thompson, and a jolly recital of "The College Scrapes We Got Into," by "A Graduate." The fourth part of Miss Tompkins' "Alleen" brings that charming story near to its close, and Mr. Bok discusses the need parental cooperation in education in his editorial "The School Question Again." Three articles about "Cats That Draw Salaries," "Famous People as We Do Not Know Them," and "How a Village Changed its Name" combine to make an exceptional page, and a double page is devoted to photographs of "The Handsomest Laces in America," is shown, also some of the photographs which won prizes in the edition of the recent regular contest. In addition to the regular departments there are valuable articles on "A Cleverly Planned Nursery," "Plants Which Can Be Raised in the House," and plans for an ideal \$7000 house. By the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

Emma. Don't become so conceited that you think that your new friends are all you want. You have made a great mistake and you will realize it when it is too late. It is best not to quarrel. Make it up as soon as possible, you are wrong.

N. L. It is true that you may be well read, nevertheless, you can always be taught something new. Do you know your friends always? Don't show your conceit, it may cost you something.

Ollie. You should confide in some one. It is best always to be guilty of no offense, and then it may not become necessary to tell any thing. Girls will talk and if you want your business kept by no means should you tell it to your female companion. Jealousy is a great evil you know.

I. T. To demand respect, it is to respect yourself. Allow no privileges and then you will be respected. Don't talk your business to any one. A talkative girl is a mischief maker.

Laura. Don't indulge in vulgarity. Shows bad taste and bad rearing. You can always tell what rearing a girl has had by her deportment.

Night picnics are dangerous.

Moon light strolls are objectionable.

Flashy dressing is vulgar and generally makes the character.

Powder and paint upon the face marks the woman.

Flirtation tells who you are.

Good time assertion is only used by those who indulge in it.

Don't imagine that you are pretty because other people say so.

Tried to Lose His Office, But Couldn't

Had to Hold On at Sixteen Cents a Day Until the Mer Post-Office Was Abolished A. A. A.

An Indiana correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune writes that A. L. Fox, for many years postmaster at Mer, 15 miles southwest of Wabash, has at last succeeded in breaking away from that post of trust and profit after a heroic struggle that has covered a decade. Mr. Fox never sought the office—it was an honor thrust upon him; and the reason he has not relinquished it long before is that no one else would assume the burden. The job pays 16 cents a day, even though the office is surrounded with free rural routes which cut the emoluments.

Mr. Fox is 56 years old, and says he began resigning 20 years ago and began to grow demonstrative in his resignations last winter. "Life in Mer was too high for me," said Fox the other day. "There was too much dash and roar and all-round hurly-burly for a man of weak nerves and a high-gaited heart. Just to give an instance of my trials: I was sitting in my office a few days ago brooding over my hard lot and the tyranny of an ungrateful republic when I heard a shuffling step on the threshold of a native who consulted his comfort and saved his shakels by going barefooted. He asked the stereotyped question: 'Any mail for me?' I was confident there was no mail for him because there was no mail for anybody, and hadn't been for some weeks. He was not discouraged, but naively inquired: 'Any postal cards?' and I wearily answered in the negative. He was not to be crushed, and plumped another one at me, this scarcely official: 'Know anybody that wants to buy a turtle?' Again I replied in the negative, and he evidently



POSTMASTER AND INSPECTOR.

thought me rude and unkind, for he went away with a look of pain on his honest face, and I fell to musing, unhappier than before.

"A few weeks ago the inspector came. He found the office there, but the postmaster absent. He began to circle about for the trail, and at last found me in a wet goods palace across the way telling my sorrows to the booze clerk. He assumed an air of authority and suggested I was out of my sphere, and that the contents of the office might be stolen. I laconically informed him there was nothing to steal. He grew indignant at once at my flippancy, and in a cold, hard tone that would have curdled the blood of a man who valued his job, demanded to know whether I appreciated the importance and dignity of my position, and whether I was treating the government right in deserting my post to waste my time and substance in a saloon. He became violent at once and said he would suspend me. But when I begged him to recommend my removal and that I had been trying for years to quit he changed his manner and begged me to forget his rash words and continue. He begged so hard I relented.

"I once got one of my bondsmen in the office with the fell design of skipping out and leaving him in charge, but when I looked on him and thought of my martyrdom the beat in my nature rebelled, and I allowed him to go in peace. Lately my son was deputized and tried to run the office while I went back to the farm to support my family. Tuesday he sent for me in hot haste to come up and show him how to cash a two-dollar money order. I lost one dollar making the trip, and arrived in time to see a neighbor's perspiring baby wrapping a sheet of stamps worth five dollars around his person. I have begged and threatened all my neighbors in ineffectual attempts to get them to take the office, but they are satisfied with the service and selfishly refuse. The government has finally taken the step I urged years ago, to close the office, and I am at last a free man."

Fox is an all-round man of the world. He has been a comedian, lecturer, musician with a circus band, farmer and postmaster, and is very popular in his neighborhood.

BABY STARVES IN COURT.

Pitiful Tragedy of Neglect, Drunkenness and Depravity Ends at Bar of Justice.

Of all stories from that weekly scene of human wreckage, the Chicago juvenile court, there was never one so pitiful as this. In the ante-room of the court a mite of a baby died the other morning of starvation.

The scene was the most distressing chapter in a long story of rum and consequent depravity. William Roebuck is a tinsmith at 4032 State street. His wife, from whom he is separated, has lived at 4002 Armour avenue since



"THAT BABY IS STARVING."

April. There were four children—Fred, eight years old; Arthur, six; Elsie, five, and the eight-months-old baby. Following the separation the children lived with their mother.

The family affairs of the Roebucks came up for official settlement at the juvenile court. The father, a well-dressed man, was there with the children.

The mother sat in the ante-room with the baby in her arms. She said little; the baby's pinched face, worn to the bone by lack of sustenance, was half hidden under the mother's arm.

Dr. C. W. Behm, who knew something of the story, glanced at the clock near the spot selected for his

"That baby is starving," he said to the mother. "Can you not give

nourishment immediately it will be dead within a few minutes."

"I have got no nourishment for it," she said with cold indifference.

The woman repeated her refusal. Dr. Behm sent for nourishment and assistance. Mrs. Elizabeth McDonald, matron of the Bethel mission, and Miss Susan Clark came. The little ante-room was made into a hospital. The starving baby was placed on a table with a law book for a pillow. The mother did not leave her chair.

It was too late; the little spark of life was out before nourishment was received. The two brothers and the sister stood by the table and wept heart-breaking tears. Curiously enough there is no law to punish a mother for starving her baby.

Italian and Rattlesnake.
An Italian laborer working on the railroad at Keating, Pa., saw a rattlesnake coiled under a stone. Not knowing anything about snakes he picked the reptile up to throw it aside, when the snake struck its fangs in the man's hand. The Italian continued working, when his hand began to swell, which attracted the attention of his fellow-workers. He explained the matter sentimentally in these words: "Worma bit me hand. Hurts like hell. What do?" An investigation showed that the "worm" was a four feet long, and a deadly black rattler. The Italian's wrist was tightly encircled by a heavy piece of cord and about half an hour later he was taken to the office of Dr. J. K. Gilmore, at Westport. Dr. Gilmore did all he could for the Italian, and the other day he was reported out of danger. The hand had swollen to eight times its normal size.

Must Be a Human Crab.

A young British officer in the Transvaal is either a great romantic or he possesses some of the peculiarities of the crab, and is a wonder at producing legs. He wrote this letter to his dad: "Dear Father: Kindly send me £50 at once; lost another leg in a stiff engagement, and am in hospital without means." The answer was: "My Dear Son: As this is the fourth leg you have lost according to your letters, you ought to be accustomed to it by this time. Try to wobble along on any others you may have left."

Primitive Bedroom Outfit.

The bedroom outfit of a man in Jola, Kan., comprises just two articles, a quilt and an alarm clock. On a cold sultry night, with his outfit under his arm, he went to the park, spread his quilt on the grass, put the clock near the spot selected for his bed, and deliberately went to bed.

ITS AIMS ARE NOBLE.

Plan of the Christian Builders' Union of Chicago.

Would Restore Harmony Between Capital and Labor by Making the Golden Rule the Guide of Every Transaction.

If the Christian Builders' union succeeds in its purpose the time will come when there will be neither labor unions, strikes nor lock-outs. Every man in the building trades will be a teetotaler and a Christian gentleman. It is hardly expected that buildings will be erected in Chicago to an accompaniment of prayer and psalm singing, but there will certainly be praise and thanksgiving if the new organization accomplishes its aim. If employers and employees have differences they will apply the good old golden rule, and strive with good will and mediation to reach a just solution of their difficulties.

"I found I had to quit either my church or the union," said Henry P. Berck, a contracting carpenter at 1080 West Harrison street, Chicago, who has been the prime mover in the new organization. "At the union meetings many of the men cursed and flourished revolvers, and as a Christian man I concluded it was time for me to get out. I noticed also that the old unions worked against each other, and that many of the members were addicted to drink, which is the great curse of mankind. It seemed to me that it was time Christian workingmen got together to form an organization and do business on Christian principles.

"Our union started with 60 charter members, and we have many applications from men in all parts of Chicago, and even from other states. Our organization does not attempt to fix a scale of wages, and it is wholly different from the old unions. It takes in employers as well as wage workers. We also admit dealers in building ma-



CHRISTIAN BUILDERS' UNION. (Trade-Mark Adopted by a Peculiar Chicago Organization.)

terial, and we shall take in honest real estate men, though it is hard to find honest men among them.

"In order to be admitted to full membership a man must be a Christian, but we will take others on probation. We shall have devotional meetings at the churches from time to time, and we purpose organizing a Catholic branch for the benefit of members of that church, several of whom have asked to join. As all members will be Christians, business will be done on the Christian policy of live and let live. There will be no strikes or lockouts, for if employer and employee can't agree they will go their separate ways. Every member must sign a pledge promising not to touch, taste or handle any intoxicating liquor while a member of the organization. We believe liquor to be the cause of many evils, especially among workingmen, and we intend to fight it all along the line. We shall also discourage the use of tobacco, and members are expected to abstain from profanity.

"You ask how our union is going to help its members in a material way? Well, here is a printed list of the members just issued. It contains all their names and addresses, classified by trades, and contractors are indicated by stars. This directory will be issued from time to time and will be an important feature of the organization. We expect members to help their fellows. Christian contractors will naturally prefer to employ Christian men. On the other hand, laboring men can apply to these contractors with the assurance of receiving Christian treatment. Members are expected to aid each other in finding employment. If one of them hears of an open job he will notify some friend in the union who may be in need of work. In other words, the union will run on the principle of cooperation and Christian helpfulness. When we are thoroughly organized we believe it will be possible to put up a building without the labor disturbances now so common.

Mr. Berck has been chosen president of the union. The vice president is C. D. Hill, a contracting painter at 274 Claremont avenue. The secretary is Frank Marshall, a carpenter at Harvey, and he has an assistant in the person of W. T. Hart, a cabinet maker at Wrightwood and Avers avenues. The treasurer is Richard Oates, a carpenter living at 295 Campbell avenue. President Berck's shop at 1080 West Harrison street is the headquarters of the union.

The Equal of Thirty Men.

A machine that will do the work of 30 expert mathematicians is being constructed by the government in its scientific instrument shop on Capitol Hill in Washington. It is to be an improvement on an instrument in use in the bureau of the coast survey, in charge of calculating the tides.

ATTENTION LADIES

-Hair Reorer.-

All who are desirous of having a beautiful suit of hair, or if your hair is falling out, you should get a bottle of Hairoline, better known as the Renowned Hair Restorer Oriental Complexion Cream so cures all skin diseases and makes the skin like velvet. Price, 25c to 75c per bottle.

Treatment of the Skin and Scalp.

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All kinds of implements and toilet articles for sale.

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Where I can accommodate fifty horses. Call and inspect our new and modern caskets and investigate our methods of doing first-class work.

1132 3rd St. N. W.

J. H. DABNEY, Proprietor.

KNOWN IN OTHER LANDS.

The new prime minister of Japan, Viscount Katsura, distinguished himself in the Chinese war by winning one of the greatest fights, the battle of Kangwassi.

The duke of Cornwall, though born and bred in England, speaks the language with as decidedly German an accent as does his mother, while the king burrs his r's very oddly.

M. Paul Revoll, the new governor of Algeria, is 45 years of age and is a brother of the late George Revoll, the explorer of the Somali country. Originally he was a journalist.

Lord Dufferin, who has recently completed his seventy-fifth year, once referred to himself, on account of the numerous offices he has held, as "mailed-of-all-work to British governments."

In a lawsuit now pending in Scotland to determine whether the late Sir W. Cunliffe Brooks, a millionaire banker, was domiciled in England or Scotland, a lawyer testified that in the last few years Sir William has made 200 wills.

FACTS FROM FRANCE.

Wine growers in France now send sample bottles of wine by parcels-post to individuals.

A French company has organized a new steamship line between Antwerp, Havre, Havana, Mexican ports and New Orleans.

France holds the record as a user of gold. She has coined 2,300 tons in the last 40 years, against 1,400 used by the English mint.

Paris' population according to the census just taken is 2,714,068, an increase of 149,104 over the last census. Paris is now over 700,000 behind New York.

The largest Mont de Piete, or, as we designate it, pawnshop, in the world is probably that on the Boulevard Montmartre, Paris, which, it is said, receives in pledge over 1,000 watches every day.

COOKING CLASS MAXIMS.

Uncooked bananas are difficult of digestion.

To test pulled bread break it and if crisp to center it is done.

The thicker the piece of beef a la mode the juicier the meat.

White fleshed fish is more easily digested than the pink flesh class.

Meat, fish and fowl should be quickly seared on the outside when cooked.

Potatoes, cucumbers, celery or lettuce are the best accompaniments for fish.

Fish for baking should not be split, and, like meat, must go into a hot oven.

If you dip the hands into cold water when making raw fish into balls it will not stick.

AT THE CONGRESS OF SAGES.

The Masseuse—As a sure prevention for wrinkles, contentment knocks facial massage all to pieces.

The Bachelor—It were safer to place your lips to the muzzle of a gun than on the lips of a deceitful woman.

The Cynic—It has been said that owing to a fortunate instinct woman never reasons falsely. Is it because she doesn't reason at all?

The Benedict—A wife's wise counselings entereth her husband's mind, and after many days returneth to her in jewels and precious raiment.

The Psychologist—The heart of a woman is as a driven well, and he who would sound its depth must be

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At Watson Park Labor Day.

September 2, 1901 is promised to be one of the grandest days of O'Pleasure that has ever been to the people of Washington the son. The park will be open for ception of guest from 7 a. m. to 12 m. The Special Attractions for day will be the Athletic Sports which will consist of a foot race of 100 yards a potato race at 100 yards; a hurdle race at 50 yards; and a Cake Walk at 5:30 a. m. The Cake will be specially beautifully decorated with American flags. If there are other persons wishing to take part in these amusements on the above date will please call at the Park or address A. D. Watson, 2025 L Street, N. W., on or before August 30th, 1901. It is hoped that the bricklayers and hod-carriers Unions will take advantage of this grand opportunity for a day's pleasure. Take Chevy Chase Car to the Circle, change to Cabin John Bridge Car to the Park; or take F St. Car to 32nd and P St.; change to 'trolley' to District Line. Country fried chicken and boiled dinner. Music by Warren's Band. Large Pavillion. All are welcome. Admission Free.

OUR MISTAKES.

Negro Conventions Misused. Practical Work Needed.

This has been a month of Conventions. There was first the Afro-American Press Association, called for the purpose of discussing the best method to conduct newspapers, and its sessions finally ended by issuing an address to the country on lynching, and not the best method to be adopted as to how newspapers published by negroes should be conducted. Following the press association was a three days' session of the Afro-American Council. Its sessions concluded in a row over the election of a president, hence the welfare of the negro ended in a failure. Last but not least, was the Afro-American Business League, that met in Boston, Mass. This meeting was called for the purpose of discussing strictly business methods among the colored people. The delegates instead of confining themselves to the theories, had to adopt a resolution on lynching. So it can be seen that the colored people no matter for what purpose they assemble must drag in politics or such other subject matter that has no business in connection with it. If Afro-Americans called a Convention to discuss fees, most undoubtedly some of the delegates would read a paper on gnats. By the way there is a Bankers' Convention to be called in Buffalo next month to discuss finances, and The Bee is of the opinion before the session closes there will be a discussion, "How many negroes have been convicted for robbing banks or stealing money."

OF FOREIGN INTEREST.

The population of Berlin has trebled within 30 years.
London has 51 inhabitants to the acre; Paris, 115.
New Zealand has 42,000 natives (Maoris) to 626,000 whites.
Great Paul is the biggest London bell. It weighs 17½ tons; while Big Ben, of Westminster, is only 15½ tons.
Prince Carl of Roumania is thirteenth in order of succession to the British throne, the German emperor twenty-fifth.
Corn is, next to sugarcane, the principal crop grown in Queensland, and is one of the most important products of New South Wales.
The new woman has gained a victory in Norway, where she is numerically strong. She has finally persuaded the privy council to declare that hereafter brides need no longer to "obey" their husbands at the marriage ceremony, unless they choose to do so.

LAUNDERING LACE CURTAINS.

(A manufacturer of lace curtains supplies his customers with the following directions for laundering.)
Shake the curtains well in order to remove all dust.
Make strong soap suds and soak for two hours in tepid water.
Rinse in clear cold water several times.
Spread them out on a curtain stretcher, or tack sheets on the carpet and pin them on until dry.
Iron the ruffles and body same as on a garment.

Small Loss.
"Oh, sir, please, I have swallowed a pin!" exclaimed a servant girl, running into her employer's study.
"Never mind, Mary," he replied, deep in study, "never mind, here's another," drawing one from the pin-cushion.—Chicago Journal.
Time's Revenge.
Wessel—Old Mr. Johnsonhammer is reaping the whirlwind in his old age.
Sinnott—How is that?
"He used to have his old trousers cut down and make his boy wear them, and now the boy is five inches taller than he is."—Judge.
As He Defined It.
Willie—Pa, what's an "old flame"?
Pa—My son, when a man speaks of "his old flame" he refers to something over which he used to burn his money.—Philadelphia Press.

MIXED MAXIMS.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]
"One swallow does not make a summer"—no, nor a meal.
"Where's there's a will there's a way"—usually the wrong one.
"Forbidden fruit is sweet"—but you're very apt to choke on the seeds.
"Every cloud has a silver lining"—but usually it is made of German silver.
"Tis better to give than to receive"—this holds good even to a blow.
"A squeaking door hangs a long time"—and no one ever thinks to oil it.
"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow"—the cook will go on a strike.
"Virtue is its own reward"—at least it is the only apron one up to date.
"If at first you don't succeed, try, y again"—even if you have to imess it with a club.
"The darkest hour is just before dawn"—at least it seems darker when you are trying to find the keyhole.
"It is a long lane that has no turn"—and sometimes it does not turn at all; it just ends abruptly at a precipice.
"A soft answer turneth away wrath"—but it is just as well to be prepared and keep your hand near your pistol pocket.
"A good conscience makes a soft pillow"—as does also the knowledge that you have to-morrow's rent money.
"Love laughs at locksmiths"—but sometimes it laughs on the other side of its mouth, and has a mighty hard time in the divorce court trying to find a skeleton key that works as easily as that love lock did.

RECREATIONS OF NOTED MEN.

Gibber—the historian, relieved the tedious his labors by absolute ted.
Hatterton had a passion, amounting to a mania, for studying old manuscripts.
Martin Luther heartily enjoyed a game of nine-pins, and John Calvin threw dice with zest.
Richter divided his leisure about equally between a white spider, a tame mouse and a squirrel.
The author of "An Elegy in a Country Church Yard" esteemed it the acme of happiness to lie on a sofa and read novels.
Rossini, when not engaged upon musical compositions, manufactured macaroni, and achieved great success in that direction.
Razzi, a distinguished pupil of the renowned Florentine painter, Andrea del Sarto, filled his studio with animals until it resembled a menagerie.
Oliver Cromwell, that stern old Puritan, whenever he found an opportunity to do so, had a game of "blind-man's buff" with his children.
Cardinal Richelieu frequently neglected his ministerial duties that he might have a frolic with his cats and kittens, of which he had a large collection.
Mme. de Maintenon, who for 30 years was queen of the French court under Louis XVI., passed her leisure moments in ministering to the wants of the poor and needy.
Edgar A. Poe, the brilliant American writer, discovered inexpressible satisfaction in wandering through graveyards. And the same is said to be true of witty and genial Oliver Wendell Holmes.

VIRTUES OF THE ONION.

It is with the onion as with the lemon. Its devotees regard it as a panacea for a good many ills and as a preventive of many of the disorders to which flesh is heir.
The onion is really a very ordinary vegetable, but there is one point which distinguishes it, and that is the somewhat high percentage of sulphur it contains. Possibly the virtues ascribed to it depend on the presence of this element.
Like the lemon, the onion may lay claim to antiscorbutic properties—that is, to qualities which render it a preventive of scurvy. Its mineral constituents include a proportion of potash salts, and probably its antiscorbutic qualities depend upon these latter compounds.
The onion is doubtless a healthful enough vegetable, but its supposed sleep-producing powers are said to be mythical. The virtue of onion juice as a remedy for the stings and wasp attacks is conceded. In the cottager's repertoire of "first-aid" expedients, onion juice, rubbed on the sting, represents the ammonias of a more advanced stage of domestic medicine.

Never That Hot.
Willie. Does Rollins board?
Walla. I suppose not. To-day he was tell me about burning his mouth drinking coffee.—Harlem Life.
Be Not Her Face.
Guss—Gush—Do you know I paint?
Willie. Off-leigh—Aw—wally, Miss Gush, I n—b noticed it.—Ohio State Journal.
Expected.
Casey—An' so yer owid father doied lasht night? Wor his dith unexpected?
Clancy—No, in-lade; but we didn't expect he'd dole far at lasht tin or fifteen years jine.—Town Topics.
Expected Game.
Ted—Whe... game...
Ned—Close? I should say so. The crowd was just pushing on the umpire when the police reserves arrived.—Judge.

PRETTY as a picture

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A. HERMAN,

Come and have a SUIT fitted.
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What Years Do to Us.
Our judgment mellow as we age—
But 'tis a problem grim.
Is it because we're growing sage,
Or merely losing vim?
—Chicago Record-Herald.

DECIDEDLY OBLIGING.



"Late again, Jane! You are always behind time. It's no use talking to you. I shall have to get another girl."
"I wish yer would, mum. There'd be plenty of work for the two of us."
—Punch.

Fees and Fees.

He thought he'd won a fine estate,
To hold it all in fee;
He thought, but then he guessed again,
As he paid his lawyer's fee.
—N. Y. Evening Sun.

Secret of It.

"Why do you go away for the summer? You have a nice home near the lake with a big porch and everything possible to make you cool and comfortable."
"That's just the trouble. In the summer we must have some hardships and discomforts in order to make us think we are having a good time. And, besides, they are necessary to make us appreciate home at its true value in the fall."—Chicago Post.

Quite True.

We are told that angels' visits are few and far between;
As fact, no man is now on earth
Who has an angel seen.
—Chicago Daily News.

SQUELCHED AGAIN.



Miss De Witt—I believe in embracing opportunities.
Mr. Funnymen—Then why don't you embrace me?
Miss De Witt—I don't call you an opportunity—opportunities don't stand around waiting to be embraced.—Fliegende Blaetter.

The Real Worry.

He never had trouble in meeting his bills.
That wasn't the thing that annoyed 'im.
The trouble that's freezing his spine with cold chills
Is how he can ever avoid 'em.
—Philadelphia Press.

Cheap Insomnia Cure.

Jags—Doctor, my wife has insomnia very bad. She very often remains awake until two or three o'clock in the morning. What shall I do for her?
Doctor—Go home earlier.—Baltimore World.

His First Impression.

Harry, aged three, indulged in his first glass of soda water last week. After taking a swallow or two he looked thoughtful for a moment, and then exclaimed:
"Soda water tastes just like when your foot's asleep."—N. Y. Times.

An Opinion.

She—You don't think a girl is wise to marry a man in order to reform him?
He—Well, I think she is apt to have the luck of the average reformer.—Brooklyn Life.

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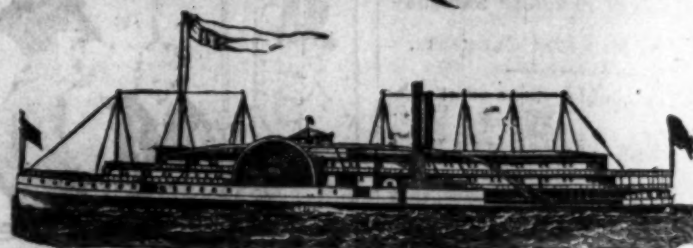
Trolley Express Service.
Ten trolley cars for carrying parcels are now run by the Metropolitan company over the streets of New York. Their route is from the Battery to Fordham, and the cars are in motion day and night. The trolley express service is expected to revolutionize parcel collection and delivery in the city.

Eleven-Thousand Ton Ship.
A Massachusetts company is building a seven-masted schooner 395 feet long, drawing 26 feet and with a displacement of 11,000 tons, approaching in freight capacity the largest ocean steamer. Though a sailing vessel, she will be steered and heated by steam and lighted by electricity.

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Ladies' 14k. Solid Gold Watches, \$20; sold elsewhere, \$25
Ladies' Solid Gold Rings, \$1.50, \$2.50, and \$3.50; worth twice the price.
Ladies' Genuine Diamond Rings, \$5 up to \$100; all of them gems.
Ladies' Solid Gold Lorgnette Chains, \$7 up to \$16; all the latest styles.
Ladies' Solid Gold Brooches, \$2.50 up to \$25.
Gents' Solid Gold Dumb-bell Sleeve Buttons, \$3.50; a useful present.
Gents' 14k. Gold-filled Chains, \$2.00 warranted for 5 years' wear.
Gent' Diamond Sleeve Buttons, \$5 up; a little gem in each button.
Gent' Diamond Studs, \$7.50 up.
Gents' Solid Gold Rings, with genuine stones, from \$4 up.
Solid Silver Thimbles, 25c.
Solid Silver Teaspoons, from \$4.00 half dozen up.
Ladies' Silver Watches, \$4 and \$5.

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